

732 ✓  

---

**COMPLETE COLLECTION**

**OF**

**S · O N G S,**

**By CAPTAIN MORRIS.**  

---

**[ Price Two Shillings and Sixpence. ]**

COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

S. O. N. G. S.



By CAPTAIN MORRIS.

[ Price 7/6. Shillings and sixpence. ]







CAPTAIN MORRIS.

*When the fancy Stirring Bowl,  
Awakes its World to pleasure;  
Glowing visions gild my Soul,  
And life's an endless treasure.*



THE  
SONGS  
BY  
CAPTAIN MORRIS,  
COMPLETE.

---

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION,  
*WITH ADDITIONS.*

---

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR W. LEWES, RUSSELL-STREET,  
COVENT-GARDEN; AND ALL OTHER  
BOOKSELLERS.

---

1793.

S O N G S

BY

CAPTAIN MORRIS,

COMPLETE



THE THIRTIETH EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR W. LEWIS, RUSSELL-STREET,

COVENT-GARDEN; AND ALL OTHER

BOOKSELLERS.

1793.

---

---

# S O N G S

BY

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

---

---

PART THE FIRST.

---

---

Nº. I.

## D R I N K I N G S O N G.

**W**HEN the fancy-stirring bowl  
Wakes its world of pleasure,  
Glowing visions gild my soul,  
And life's an endless treasure;  
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,  
Fresh with gay desires,  
Rays divine their heat impart,  
And kindling hope inspires.

B

CHORUS



CHORUS.

Then who'd be grave,  
When wine can save  
The heaviest soul from sinking,  
And magic grapes  
Give angel shapes  
To every girl we're drinking?

II.

Here sweet benignity and love  
Shed their influence round us,  
Gathered ills of life remove,  
And leave us as they found us :  
'Tho' my head may swim, yet true,  
Still to nature's feeling ;  
Peace and beauty swim there too,  
And rock me while I'm reeling.  
Then who'd be grave? &c.

III.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth  
Her pensive lesson taught me ;  
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,  
And wisdom wak'd and caught me ;

A bargain

[ 3 ]

A bargain then with love I knock't,  
 To hold the pleasing gipsy ;  
 When wise, to keep my bosom lock't,  
 But turn the key when tipsy.  
 Then who'd be grave? &c.

IV.

When time had 'fwag'd my heated heart,  
 The grave boy, blind and simple,  
 Forgot to cool one little part,  
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimples :  
 That part's enough of beauty's type,  
 To warm an honest fellow,  
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,  
 It melts still while I'm mellow.  
 Then who'd be grave? &c.

V.

Life's a voyage we all declare,  
 With scarce a port to hide in ;  
 Perhaps it may to pride or care ;—  
 That's not the sea I ride in :

Here floats my soul 'till fancy's eye  
 Her realms of bliss discover;  
 Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie,  
 To him that's half seas over:

## CHORUS.

Then who'd be grave,  
 When wine can save  
 The heaviest soul from sinking,  
 And magic grapes  
 Give angel shapes  
 To every girl we're drinking?



Nº. II.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

I.

**T**ROTH, Mister John Bull, you're a pretty  
milch cow!

Oh, what do you think of us Volunteers now?  
Sure I told you the work we kick'd up in the state,  
Before it was finish'd would all be complete!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

II.

Troth, I told you last year (if you call it to mind)  
What we left you before we would not lave behind;  
And wasn't I right now? by hook or by crook;  
For all that we left you is all that we took!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

I

But

III.

But 'twas deadly good-natur'd in you, to lay down,  
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of your  
own!

'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous pride  
To break your own backs for the thorn in our side!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

IV.

Oh, like fools, we despair'd that our terms would  
go down!

Or such sharp propositions be sweet to the Crown;  
Then how pleasing to find your proud stomachs to  
fall!

When we'd thrown 'em up first, that you swallow'd  
them all!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

Sure

V.

Sure I hard Master Orde now relate, in his place,  
All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace,  
Jafus! how we all star'd while he empty'd his  
sconce!

To find such a big bag of blessings at once!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ball!namona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

VI.

Oh, the brave British subject! his looks were so  
sweet,

When he laid down your case and your trade at  
our feet!

And the comments he made too, the wise little elf,  
To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself!

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

Troth,



VII.

Troth, it plais'd him, he said (could a Briton say  
more?)

That the trade of your country would shift to our  
shore ;

And that England's disasters had sunk her so low,  
The good tidings he brought us would finish the  
blow !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me !

VIII.

Then he said, 'twas contriv'd too by part of the  
gift,

That without Irish linens ye can't make a shift.

Troth now, ladies, and that's a good *measure* for you,  
When the linen comes over, the *yard* will come too !

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Now

IX.

Now we took it most kind, that your ruler of state  
(Who, they say, has no PARTS, but the *parts in*  
*his pate*)

Should for *female commodities* open a door,  
And let freely the *great Irish staple* come o'er!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

X.

'Twould have bother'd my head now, the words  
PITT let fall,

*When you gave us so much, you gave nothing at all!*  
But in Dublin I hard his interpreter swear,  
That *nothing* in England means *every thing* there!

With my Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
Ballinamona Ora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

XI.

But your minister says now, " We've got all we can :  
 " The two states must be join'd on a permanent  
 " plan."

By my shoul, he's a joiner of notable craft,  
 Who loosens all ties now—to bind us more fast !

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

XII.

And he says when all duties and drawbacks are paid,  
 That the navy will want what we make in our  
 trade.

Troth, she will want it all. Now he's right on that  
 score :

And she'll want it, God help her, for ever, and more.

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

If



XIII.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have  
play'd,

Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down  
our spade :

So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing :

And so Pam became civil as well as the King.

With my Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

Ballinamona Ora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me !

Nº. III.

BILLY'S TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

I.

**I**F life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,  
 Englishmen sure make the best on't;  
 On this spot of the earth they bade Liberty dwell,  
 Whilst Slavery holds all the rest on't;  
 They thought the best solace for labour and care,  
 Was a state independent and free, Sir;  
 And this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can  
     bear,  
 Is the blessing of you and of me, Sir.  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
     reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

The

II.

The car of Britannia, we all must allow,  
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir:  
 And, wanting the hand of Experience, will now  
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir!  
 Then must we, poor passengers, quietly wait  
 To be crush'd by this mischievous spark, Sir,  
 Who drives a damn'd job in the carriage of state,  
 And *got up like a thief in the dark*, Sir?  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

III.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,  
 And his principles Virtue's own type, Sir:  
 I believe, from my soul, he's a son of a w——re,  
 And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir;  
 For all that he boasts of, what is it, in truth,  
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir;  
 He's the vices of age for the follies of youth,  
 And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.

Then



Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

IV.

The Squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,  
 Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir,  
 And cry, " 'Tis a crime not to vote for a man  
 " Who's as chaste as a baby at fuck, Sir!"  
 But pray, let me ask, had his *virtue* prevail'd,  
 What soul would to Heaven come near, Sir?  
 Not one; for the whole *generation* had fail'd,  
 And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

It's

V.

It's true, he's a pretty good gift of the gab,  
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir;  
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,  
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir.  
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,  
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir!  
 And sits at the helm, while it's turn'd by the touch  
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir!  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

VI.

Tho' reason united a N—h and a F—x,  
 The world of this junction complain, Sir:  
 But what's that to his, who join'd with a pox  
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir!  
 Who sold to a high-flying Jacobite gang  
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir!  
 That pleas'd, we might hear the Young Puppet  
 harangue,  
 While J—nk—f—n plays the old game, Sir!  
 Then

Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

VII.

They say, his *fine parts* are a mighty good prop  
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir!  
 But, we all of us know, tho' he stand at her top,  
 Her *bottom* will die in despair, Sir!  
 Then with Freeman, who on a *fair bottom* would  
 tread,  
 Here's a toast that, I'm sure must prevail, Sir!  
*Britannia!* and *May he ne'er stand at her Head*  
*Who never can STAND at her TAIL,* Sir!  
 Then while thro' this whirlabout journey we  
 reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel;  
 Billy's too young to drive us.



Nº. IV.

B I L L Y P I T T

A N D

T H E F A R M E R.

I.

SIT down neighbours all,  
And I'll tell a merry story  
About a British Farmer  
And BILLY P—TT, the Tory ;  
I had it piping hot  
From Ebenezer Barber,  
Who sail'd right from England,  
And lies in Boston harbour.  
Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

D

This

II.

This Billy he is call'd  
 Britannia's Prime Ruler,  
 Tho' he be but a puppet  
 That's hung out to fool her!  
 His name is a passport  
 To get in old finners;  
 So he deals the cards, that  
 The knaves may be winners!  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

III.

He was bred up a Whig,  
 But with Nabobs to thrive, Sir;  
 Who have votes in the House,  
 About two out of five, Sir.  
 He gave up the people,  
 And vow'd, to his scandal,  
 They shou'd seek for their bread  
 Without daylight or candle!  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

Now

IV.

Now it hap'd, to the country  
 He went for a blessing,  
 And from his State-Dad  
 To get a new lesson.  
 He went to Daddy Jenky,  
 By Trimmer Hal attended,  
 In such company, good lack !  
 How his morals must be mended !  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

V.

This Harry was always  
 A staunch friend to Boston ;  
 His bowels are soft,  
 For they yearn'd for Indostan.  
 If I had him in our township,  
 I'd feather him and tar him ;  
 With forty lacking one too,  
 I'd lam him and I'd fear him.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.



VI.

With his skin full of wine, and  
 His head full of state-tricks,  
 Sham reforms, commutations,  
 And the rest of his late tricks,  
 He came back with Harry,  
 Two birds of a feather ;  
 And, both drunk as pipers,  
 They knock'd their heads together.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

VII.

Now so it fell out, that  
 This pair were benighted,  
 And drove out of the road ;  
 So the statesmen alighted :  
 And to get in again  
 Away scrambl'd they, Sir,  
 To find the back road  
 Unto the King's highway, Sir.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

Long

VIII.

Long lost in the dark were  
 These *lights* of the nation ;  
 But stumbl'd at last  
 To a small habitation ;  
 To which they march'd up ;  
 While the fowls, in confusion,  
 Thought their lives were aim'd at  
 By this bold intrusion !  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

IX.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd,  
 And fore Billy baited ;  
 The wife she cry'd out,  
 " We be all ruined ;"  
 Then straightway she snatch'd up  
 The vessel she pifs'd in,  
 To pour on the head of  
 This *darkling* Philistine.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

The

X.

The husband awak'd, by  
 Her rage and her screaming,  
 And shrewdly supposing  
 His wife might be dreaming;  
 To make matters short,  
 Snatch'd his gun, in a fury,  
 And cry'd, " Sons of Belial!  
 " I've got what will cure ye."  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XI.

Then Billy began for  
 To make an oration,  
 As oft he had done  
 To bamboozle the nation;  
 But Hodge cry'd, " Begone, or  
 " I'll crack thy young crown for't;  
 Thou belong'ft to a rare gang  
 " Of rogues, I'll be bound for't."  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

' Now



XII.

- ‘ Now Hodge,’ quoth the wife,
  - ‘ Don’t you mind his loud bant’ring,
  - ‘ For certain he has under
  - ‘ His coat a dark lantern ;
  - ‘ Shut the gate of the court ;
  - ‘ If he once gets within it,
  - ‘ He’ll whip up the *back stairs*
  - ‘ I’ll be bound, in a minute.
- Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

XIII.

- Then the wife she went on :
- ‘ Can you go for to fay now
  - ‘ Any good upon earth made thee
  - ‘ Take this by-way now ?
  - ‘ Thou cam’st to get foot in
  - ‘ The house ; that’s the plan on’t ;
  - ‘ And so let in thy gang,
  - ‘ For to make what they can on’t.
- Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
Bow wow wow.

Don’t

XIV.

' Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd  
 ' Rogue now pretends, man?  
 ' He crept up in the dark  
 ' But for virtuous ends, man!  
 ' He says he's our friend!  
 ' But its no such a thing, man,  
 ' The impudent dog would  
 ' Say so to the King, man!  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XV.

Then Billy perceiving  
 The wife in a fury,  
 And knowing his deeds would  
 Not stand woman's jury,  
 Felt the spirit of Jenky  
 A dangerous potion;  
 And roar'd out to Harry  
 To speak for the motion.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XVI.

Then Harry stept up ;  
 But Hodge shrewdly supposing  
 His part was to steal,  
 Whilst the other was profing,  
 Let fly at poor Billy,  
 And shot thro' his lac'd coat ;  
 Oh, what a pity 'twas  
 It did not hit his waistcoat !  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.

XVII.

Solid men of Boston  
 Make no long orations ;  
 Solid men of Boston  
 Banish strong potations ;  
 Solid men of Boston  
 Go to bed at sun-down,  
 And never lose your way,  
 Like the loggerheads of London.  
 Bow wow wow, fal lal de iddy iddy,  
 Bow wow wow.



Nº. V.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

I.

**T**H O' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing  
bowl,

And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,  
When softer devotions the senses invite.

II.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,  
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow:  
But to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,  
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe!

III.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?  
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine  
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

IV.

The tender excess that enamours the heart  
 To few is imparted ; to millions deny'd :  
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,  
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

V.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my  
 doom ;  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife :  
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gleam,  
 But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our  
 life.

VI.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul !  
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight.  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl !

VII.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
Nor e'er, jolly god! from thy banquet remove ;  
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine  
That's mellow'd by Friendship, and sweeten'd  
by Love.



Nº. VI.

ADDRESSED TO LADY \* \* \* \*,

WHO ASKED CAPTAIN MORRIS

WHAT THE PASSION OF LOVE WAS?

I.

YOU ask me, *What's Love?*—Why, that virtue-fed vapour,

Which poets spread over our longings, like gauze;  
May do for a swain who can feed upon paper;  
But flesh is my diet, and blood is the cause.

II.

A delicate *tendre*, spun into Platonic,  
Suits the feminine fop,—whom no beauties  
provoke;  
But the blood of a Welchman is hot and laconic,  
And he loves as he fights, with a word and a *stroke*.

Yet,

III.

Yet, I grant you, there is a sweet madness of  
passion,

A raptur'd delirium of mental delight;

Tho', alas! my dear Madam, not five in the nation

Whose souls have an optic to view the blest  
light.

IV.

But we speak not of minds of distinguish'd selection,

But Love, *common love*, in its earthly attire,

Which, believe me, when dress'd in this high-flown  
affection,

Wears the thread-bare disguise of a bankrupt  
desire.

V.

For the bosom's deceit, like the spendthrift's pro-  
fusion,

As the substance declines rich appearances tries;

More gay as more weak, till this splendid delusion

In a pang of bright vanity dazzles and dies.

Ah!

VI.

Ah! if in a strain of pure sentiment flowing,  
 No animal warmth checks the eloquent tongue:  
 'Tis the trick of a coxcomb to boast your undoing;  
 And pride, taste, or impotence prompts the foul  
 wrong!

VII.

For Love, in a tumult of soft agitation,  
 O'ercome with its ardor, bids language retire;  
 And, lost in emotions of troubled sensation,  
 Still breathes the soft accent of silent desire.

VIII.

Yes, the god's on the wing when a delicate *damon*  
 In sickly composure sits down to refine;  
 For Love, like a hectic, when weakly the *flamen*,  
 Still brightens the skin as the solids decline.

IX.

If such be the Love you propose in the question,  
 No doubt it's a phantom, dress'd up by the mind;  
 And, believe me, it is not a substance to rest on,  
 But the fraud of cold bosoms and Vanity's blind.

But



X.

But for me, my dear Madam, a poor carnal finner,  
 Whose love keeps no Lent, or on rhapsody  
 starves ;  
 With the sharp sauce of hunger I fall to my dinner,  
 And take, without scruple, what appetite carves.

XI.

So, my good Lady \*\*\*\*\*, all beauty and merit,  
 You see, tho' I doat on your face and your  
 mind,  
 The devil a grain should I feel of Love's spirit,  
 If looks didn't warrant your shape and your  
 kind.

XII.

With this taste you, perhaps, will upbraid my vile  
 nature :  
 But thus stands the case, and in truth to my  
 theme,  
 Were my mistress the first, both in mind and in  
 feature,  
*Unsex* her, and passion would fade like a dream.

As

XIII.

As a Poet, indeed, I've a licence for fiction ;  
 To dress in heroics the treacherous heart ;  
 But take the sad truth, and excuse the plain diction,  
*For love moves with me in an honest part.*

XIV.

But, perhaps, you may know something more of the  
 matter ;  
 Then deign to inform the dull soul of a brute—  
 A hint of your mind would most pleasingly flatter  
 And to hear it I'd always be *willing and mute.*

Nº. VII.

THE WESTMINSTER TRIUMPH.

I.

**W**HILE Vi&rsquo;ry smiles on patriot worth,  
 And Wisdom shouts applause, Sir,  
 What joy to think, amidst our mirth,  
 We've fought in Freedom's cause, Sir!  
 That Liberty our fathers won  
 Their sons have well defended;  
 And faithfully that duty done  
 Which Heav'n for man intended.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.



II.

See with what just, yet jealous pride,  
 Our fathers watch'd the Crown, Sir !  
 Beneath their eye no King could stride  
 Beyond his legal bound, Sir.  
 They liv'd in loyal duty brave,  
 While Freedom mark'd his fway, Sir :  
 But when abus'd that pow'r they gave,  
 As quick they took away, Sir.  
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

III.

Look back, and see what blood hath stain'd  
 Our page in civil fight, Sir ;  
 When bold Prerogative disdain'd  
 A free-born nation's right, Sir !  
 What tears have drown'd this widow'd land  
 When monarchs rul'd by will, Sir !  
 And but for Patriot Virtue's hand,  
 Those tears had trickl'd still, Sir.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

IV.

And now, when Britain's drooping head  
Can scarce withstand its foes, Sir,  
Shall he, whole talents kingdoms dread,  
A despot frown depose, Sir?  
Shall Britain's King the Whigs disdain,  
On whom the empire rests, Sir?  
Or, when half's lost, shall Tories reign  
The guardians of the rest, Sir;  
For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

V.

Shall public good be thus betray'd  
In Britain's humblest hour?  
A falling nation lose the aid  
Of Wisdom's amplest pow'r!

In days like these, shall fav'rites dare  
To rule by court-applause, Sir?  
And he who loves the people, bear  
No sway in Britan's cause, Sir?  
For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

VI.

Forbid it Fate, that Freemen born  
For public zeal be hated!  
Or bend beneath that prince's scorn  
Whom Freedom's voice created!  
For no hereditary right  
To crowns enslave our vows, Sir;  
'Tis Freedom gives and binds 'em tight  
On patriot princes brows, Sir.  
For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
For Freedom's preservation.

VII.

Then be the triumph great and gay  
That crowns our Champion's glory!  
Oh, may the blest auspicious day  
Long live in British story!

May



May endless honours grace that head  
 In which with partial hand, Sir,  
 Kind Heav'n a chosen light hath shed  
 To save a sinking land, Sir!  
 For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne  
 For Freedom's preservation.

---

### A NEW IRISH SONG.

TUNE—"O Lord, What can the Matter be?"

BE easy with War! here's a fine piece of bother on't,  
 Faith I can't make either one thing or t'other on't,  
 Devil may burn both the Father and Mother on't—  
 Billy's undone us by war,  
 Oh, Lord! what will the damage be? &c. &c.

Pat, can you tell what the Devil he's driving at?  
 What is't we're fighting for, what is't he's striving at?  
 A foul bit of work the d—n'd Tory's conniving at!

For the poor out of bread, what a fine consolation too,  
 Winter at hand, and all trade in stagnation too;  
 Nothing to swallow, but *tumps* of *taxation* too.

Then, what are our gains, for the millions he squanders now?  
 Plentiful loss of brave Troops and Commanders now,  
 Rotting like sheep, in the big bogs of Flanders now!

We'er

We're murder'd by thousands, and pay for the slaughter too,  
Nothing to drink, to the a—se up in water too;  
Dutch running off, and ourselves marching after too.

Our Fleets and our Gun Boats won't answer their uses too,  
Horse of no service for ditches and sluices too,  
Cannon too late, and all left as the duce is too.

We're flux'd, till our life streams away from our bowels too,  
Drench'd so with rain, ye might scrape us with trowels too,  
Cattle all glander'd, and all full of rowels too.

Tents we have few, since we left'em behind us too,  
Dogs wou'd n't lie on the *wet straw*, they find us too,  
All sorts of death, by my foul they've consign'd us to!

Then faith with *mistrust* we're a little dejected too,  
Prussians withdrawn, and the Dutch disaffected too;  
Troops that we'er *hir'd* not too much *respected* too.

By my soul, it's a sin, tho' we e'er should want harmony,  
When we all fight for the Emp'ror of Germany,  
And John Bull has promis'd to pay all the War Money.

Then you bitch'd us at *home*, and your word did'nt keep  
my dears;

Leaving brave lads to be cut up like sheep my dears,  
Toby sham fighting, and C—TH—M asleep my dears.

By my troth there's a damnable sin and omission here,  
Tho' it's hush'd up, it must rise in revision here,  
Murder cries out, for a *state inquisition* here.

Then

Then your *Cabinet* calls this a war of *existence* now,  
 That's in plain *Irish*, to *die* at a *distance* now,  
 And help the work *forward*, by *backward* assistance now.

Troth you've purchas'd at Toulon a *slippery* station too,  
 Laid out our cash in a wild speculation too ;  
 And *united* all France, in a d—n'd indignation too.

A wise figure we make, to be starv'd to help slavery,  
 Fighting for others with profitless bravery ;  
 Oh, get out ! you'll undo a good master with knavery.

Ever safe be his throne ! may no traitor's endeavour now,  
 Loyalty's cause from fair Freedom's dissever now ;  
 Here's Fox and the Whig Constitution for ever now,  
 Billy's undone us by war,



A NEW SONG.

TUNE—*Ballinamona Ora.*

SURE, Master JOHN BULL, I shan't know till I'm dead,  
Where the devil you're driving to, *a-se over head!*  
Troth, I've watch'd you, my dear, day and night, like a cat;  
And, bad luck to myself, if I know *what you're at.*

But, the reason you waste all this blood, and this gold,  
Is a *secret*, they say—that can *never be told:*  
To be sure, for *such* secrets *my* tongue is n't fit;  
For I can't keep it still, without *speaking* a bit.

Faith, and well I may *speak* now, for—hark ye, dear joy!  
Tho' you say, it's *your* Country the French would destroy,  
Since you do it *yourselves*, they may let it alone—  
And *mine* may be taken, *instead of your own.*

Britain's car, JOHN, I told you, would break with foul  
knocks,

When this *job-boy* of JENKY's crept up to the box:

Troth he *stole there*, to drive you—the devil knows how!

But no Devil can tell, where he's driving you *now*.

You pay all, and fight all—and lose all, they say:

Now, don't you think, JOHN, that's quite out of the way?

Faith, your very *Allies* feel so hurt on that score,

That they scorn to *stand by you*, and help any more.

And these foreigners, too, have a *whim* in their head—

That the more they *neglect* ye, the more they'll be *paid*:

Sure they say that *your King*, now they've left him alone,

Will bribe 'em, and feed 'em, to *fight* for *their own*.

Devil burn 'em, to say such a Heathenish thing,

Of a wife, decent, generous, church going King!

To fill foreign mouths, will he pinch from the poor's?—

And tax the *last scrap*, for *Croats and Pandours*?

Oh,

Oh, JOHN! these connections with Goths, and with Huns,  
Was ever the curse of your isle and her sons!

If you knew when you're well, you'd stand fast on your  
ground,

And, at any one end on't, you'd *face* the world round.

But to set out a tilting, and shake your weak lance  
Against millions of men, arm'd for *freedom*, in France,  
Was a twist in your head, Master BULL, d'ye see—  
Mighty strange *in your nation, that made itself free.*

But your foes, my dear JOHN, say your brains are of lead—  
That the fog of your island's ne'er out of your head;  
That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,  
And are *stupidly drowsy—or wilfully mad!*

By my soul, JOHN, I've study'd your nature awhile;  
And I think, when they say so, they don't miss a mile;  
The world's wide, to be sure; but, as *intelligents* go,  
You're as *clumsy and bother'd a beast* as I know.

Don't you think it's a pretty, political touch—  
To keep shooting your gold in the *damns of the Dutch?*



Sending troops to be *swamp'd*, where they can't *draw their*  
breath?—

And buying a load of fresh taxes with death?

Then, your *friends*, who've been fucking the *sap of your skull*,  
Now choose to be fed on your *fat*, Master BULL!

Oh! your whisker-mouth'd Prussian's a *bell of a bite*—

And your Eagle of Austria's a *damnable Kite*!

Like the Jay in the fab'le, all pluck you, good JOHN?

But the whole mean to *shew you their tails*, when they've  
done.

Oh! 'twill please you to see, when they *all have a feather*,

How they'll *push forth their wings*—and *go off all together*.

Then comes the account, JOHN: and faith, to be frank,

The cost is unbounded; the credit—a blank!

It's a right *Flemish* bargain, where all you can claim,

Is a plentiful balance of—*taxes and shame*.

But, when substance is gone, JOHN, one blessing remains—

We prize little things, and we count little gains;

Thus

Thus, tho' broke down by burthens, to *lighten* mishap,  
You've a *feather or two*, JOHN, to stick in your cap.

Yes! Laurels you have, JOHN, to *tickle your ear*—  
For you've conquer'd a Corsican mountain, I hear;  
And the Caribbee Laurels—Oh fortunate lot!  
You've reap'd, and a fine *yellow* harvest you've got.

Then, a *wond'rous magnanimous* boast, too, is yours:  
With no reason on earth, to bring war to your doors.  
You, regardless of *policy, safety, or pelf*,  
*Have paid all the world's damage, and beggar'd yourself.*

Faith, your tax-burthen'd sons, JOHN, will *blest the dark hour*  
When the *war-whoop of Kings*, and the *squeakings of pow'r*,  
Made a nation of *Freemen* the clamour applaud—  
*And load their own necks, to chain monsters abroad.*

Oh! to what will it come, JOHN—this *guilty affair*?  
For all acts of your State are, now, *acts of despair*:  
Like spendthrifts undone, ever *frantic* they seem;  
*And widen that ruin they cannot redeem.*

Big

Big curses by day, ay, and bigger by night,  
 On the JENKY-nurs'd Jackall, that brought on this plight :—  
 Who has *stalk'd on Court stilts* to that ruinous brink,  
 Where 'tis hopeless to move—and more hopeless to think.

*A while your brave tars, the great prop of your State,*  
 Have, by glory and conquest, JOHN, put off your fate ;  
 But, if e'er on *French decks*, shouts of victory roar,  
*The Crown's a Red Night-cap—and Britain's no more.*

Troth, the *Cur* was well warn'd of War's desperate sin,  
 When, with headlong presumption, he *hurry'd* you in.  
 The voice of sound wisdom cry'd loud on the curse :  
 But wisdom was *wind*, to the *voice of the nurse*.

Put the slave will soon see on what *sand he has built* ;  
 For the *virtues of Freemen* now wake on his guilt :  
*They at length see the storm*, and with horror refuse  
 To cut up the country—for *Cabinet views*.

Too



Too long, JOHN, I've told you, the helm would break down,

With this *foul-going Pilot*, that *steers for the Crown*.

But, I've done; for, *now*, ruin hangs over the elf:

*So, good luck to your King—and long life to yourself.*

1871

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

LIBRARY

7 DE 71



